The Carpenter’s Complaint (C.X.C recommended poem)

Now you think that is right, sah? Talk the truth.
The man was mi friend. I build it, I
Build the house that him live in; but now
That him dead, that mawga-foot bwoy, him son,
5 Come say, him want a nice job for the coffin,

So him give it to Mister Belnavis to make -
That big-belly crook who don't know him arse
From a chisel, but because him is big-shot, because
Him make big-shot coffin, fi-him coffin must better
10 Than mine! Bwoy it hot me, it hot me

For true. Fix we a nex' one, Miss Fergie -
That man coulda knock back him waters, you know sah!
I remember the day in this said-same bar
When him drink Old Brown and Coxs'n into
15 The ground, then stand up straight as a plumb-line

And keel him felt hat on him head and walk
Home cool, cool, cool. Dem was water-bird, brother!
Funeral? Me, sah? That bwoy have to learn
That a man have him pride. But bless mi days!
20 Good enough to build the house that him live in,

But not good enough to make him coffin!
I woulda do it for nutt'n, for nutt'n! The man
Was mi friend. Damn mawga-foot bwoy.
Is university turn him fool. I tell you,
25 It burn me, it burn me for true!

 Edward Baugh